

Once

by whitesilence

I know not how long I have lain in this bloodied field, nor how long you have held me.

Once

Chapter 1 of 1

I know not how long I have lain in this bloodied field, nor how long you have held me.

I know not how long
I have lain in this bloodied field, nor
how long you have held me.
You, who I once envied,
From beneath the lowest stone,
Looking up at you in your glory tower,
though I towered over your curly head.
You, who I once derided,
From my throne of power,
Sneering down at your eager hand,
Though I did not even deserve your esteem.
You, who hold me in the withering moonlight,
in my last desperate hours,
In an embrace I tell myself
Belongs to the arms of a lover.
Will you,
Just for a moment, once

kiss me as a lover might, give me
those soft, sweet, kisses I have missed.

Please?

Happy St. Valentine's Day